

FUNERAL OF H. C. PIERCE.

The funeral of H. C. Pierce was held at the Congregational church Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. C. Johnson, pastor of the M. E. church, officiating in the absence of the Congregational pastor, Rev. W. A. Warner.

The Knights Templar service was used and was conducted by Malta Commandery No. 10 of Newport, about fifty Sir Knights being present in uniform, beside 150 Masons of Orleans Lodge and visiting brothers. Forty lady members of the Eastern Star also attended in a body. Among the Mason friends present from out of town were, C. A. Calderwood, of St. Johnsbury, grand commander of the Knights Templar and deputy grand master of the grand lodge; U. W. Daly of White River Junction, past grand master; H. H. Ross of Burlington, grand secretary; Geo. R. Flanders of White River Junction; H. S. Channell of the grand commandery of Quebec and J. S. Elliott of Plymouth, N. H.

The Sir Knights and the Masons marched from the masonic hall to the house and accompanied the body to the church and again from the church to the grave but the weather was so very severe the Sir Knights' service at the grave was very brief and many then suffered from the cold. The pall bearers were: Geo. H. Prouty and H. S. Root of Newport, Wm. Goss of Wells River, J. H. Hoyt of Glover, and H. J. Stannard and E. H. Glazier of this place. C. A. Barrows conducted the services.

The church would not seat the 450 people present to pay their last respects to the departed friend and many were obliged to remain standing during the ceremonies. The display of flowers was beautiful beyond description, voicing the affection of a large number of friends. The fraternal and different organizations were represented by most elegant pieces of ornamental designs. Conspicuous among these were the following: from the blue lodge the square and compass was made up of carnations and roses, with the letter "G" in gilt in the center; Malta Commandery presented a cross and crown of red carnations and tea roses; Newport Lodge of Perfection gave a pillow of carnations, violets and roses with a triangle and the figures "32" standing out in purple in the center; the Grand Commandery contributed a pillow of yellow roses, carnations and violets, with the words "Dear Father" in purple centers; a star of carnations with "O. E. S." was added by the society; whose initials represent the Eastern Star; the bank contributed a beautiful piece in the form of an anchor conspicuous with pink roses intermingled with lighter shades with the word "Bank" in the center; the academy and the V. S. P. A. presented a bank of lilies, carnations and roses; the Vermont Patriots sent four dozen carnations; a mound of gayax covered with fifty-five roses, on the top of which a white dove stood with white streamers in his mouth falling over the stand was one of the most beautiful among the display. It was sent by some special friends of the deceased, as were also the fifty-five carnations hanging to the casket handle. A large cross covered with purple and with its base compassed with a bank of roses was also the gift of friends. A bunch of twelve giant calla lilies and a large green wreath were among offerings of California friends. Almost numberless bunches of different kinds of flowers were contributed by personal friends. Three large leafy wreaths of gayax of a purple color were among this parade of flowers. In fact, all about the orchestra, pulpit and altar, green foliage ferns and bright and somber-bued flowers of many varieties were in evidence, telling of the love of hosts of friends of the deceased, while their sweet perfume was a symbol of the sweet influence of the departed.

THE SERMON.

It is sympathy that makes the orator, statesman, professional, or business man in every walk in life, the one whose memory is to be cherished in the hearts of the people as will be that of our brother; he had a deep and abiding sympathy for all classes of men. All about us are the beautiful and fragrant symbols of the affection you hold in your hearts toward him who has been called to a higher life.

This large audience is gathered here to-day to express appreciation for one who has been very intimately associated with the business interests of our town and village for many years, one who has occupied a responsible position in bank and school, these connections have brought him into intercourse with those who have learned to esteem him as a man of candor, and good judgment; never dictatorial but willing to give his contemporaries a candid hearing and frame his opinions accordingly.

All of his kindred had a large place in his affections, the best elements of his character were conspicuous in the home. Though far distant at the time of departure, he was surrounded by those he tenderly cherished, who had shared his travels. As he neared the celestial, his thoughts were of his loved earthly home, the place where he had evidenced himself as most a loving brother, a tender and considerate husband and father, whose interest had always deepened as years, busy years had been passing by. He has left for his loved ones in his faithfulness a blessed inheritance.

Though passing from earth far from home and its familiar surroundings, yet in that distant state where he was seeking rest and health, need of which was induced by close application to business for many years, there was evidenced a deep sympathy that was like healing balm to bleeding hearts, and will be a fragrant mem-

ory to his loved ones through all coming years.

He has been an interested and responsive listener in yonder pew; ever in sympathy with his pastor, who is now journeying to the Holy Land, how deeply his heart will be stirred when the sad news shall be borne that his friend that he loved has found the summer land, and has left his, and so many other human hearts sorely bereft.

He has been for many years an ardent admirer and faithful member of the many fraternal orders connected in Masonry. He was a Master who presided with unusual kindness and dignity, a wise counselor, ever zealous for the prosperity of the home lodge. Truly all who have participated with him in the work so grandly symbolical of the great principles of the words of God, will cherish his memory, miss his voice, familiar form, kindly greeting, smile, and manly carriage, more and more, until they too be gathered in the Lodge above, where there is no night of fear, doubt, sorrow, or parting.

To the Freres of Malta Commandery, present and absent, you have known him as a true and courteous knight. Your associations together have ever tended to strengthen the bonds of deep affection. You have that great hope which is like an anchor to the soul, because you believe in that blessed Saviour who suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, and triumphed over death, broke its bonds, and ascended into heaven; we may never more pledge our faith by the use of the wine with our Past Commander, yet if worthy we may drink it new with him, where there are no symbols of a fading mortality. Of the Grand Lodge and Commandery of the State represented by some of its prominent officers; we know that your presence is a heartfelt expression of the deepest sympathy for the kindred and family, and is a tribute you are pleased to offer to the worth of one who has ever been zealous to do his duty as a man and a Mason, one who had in an eminent degree proved himself worthy of being associated with your distinguished organization.

It is well that he can sleep in the "beautiful city of the dead," overlooking the busy scenes of his life's activities, and the sunset valley far to the North and West. For many of us the sinking sun of life's waning day will soon bid us prepare to "meet upon the level and part upon the square." His active, living presence in the material can be no more with us, but we may so live that we shall meet him, with others loved and gone before in a land that knows no death. "He will be missed, for his seat will be vacant," but "there remaineth a rest to the people of God," a land to which the Supreme Architect of the universe shall some day call us from "labor to refreshment."

Horace.

Kind friend, good deeds have won
For you a name
That will the years endure.
Better this than fame
To leave behind.

It's hard to believe it's
"For the best"
Your death, spirit drifting on,
Body laid at rest,
It seems unkind.

Some will say it's
As the Lord declared,
But we who know, believe
You should have lived—been spared
To benefit mankind.

Farewell, we linger here
Waiting for the call.
If we but knew our names would live
As thine—well spoken of by all—
We would feel resigned.

I. W. S.

The best way to rid the system of a cold is to evacuate the bowels. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar acts as a pleasant, yet effective cathartic on the bowels. It clears the head, opens the phlegm out of the throat, strengthens the bronchial tubes, relieves coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. Sold by H. C. Pierce, Barton; F. J. Kinney, Barton Landing.

A Sermon on Kissing.

It must require no small amount of courage on the part of a Church of England clergyman to preach a sermon on "kissing." The deed was recently done in an Anglican church in the most fashionable suburb of Melbourne. Naturally a good many giggling girls were in evidence among the congregation. They doubtless yielded their assent to the preacher's preliminary proposition that "a kiss is one of the most pleasant of earthly things" and that "a kiss is not perfect unless it is expected and reciprocated." The bulk of the sermon was devoted to Scriptural forms of the practice—the kiss of peace, the kiss of reconciliation, the kiss of consecration, etc.

That's Why.

"You say you conceal nothing from your wife?"
"Absolutely nothing."
"And why do you not?"
"It is evident that you do not know my wife."—Houston Post.

The arrows of sarcasm are barbed with contempt. It is the sneer in the satire or ridicule that galls and wounds. —W. Gladden.

The best safeguard against headache, constipation and liver troubles is Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers. Keep a box of these famous little pills in the house and take a dose at bedtime when you feel that the stomach and bowels need cleansing. "They Move" Gripes Sold by H. C. Pierce, Barton; F. J. Kinney, Barton Landing.

TONS OF GOLD TREASURE.

Vast Store of Wealth Emptied From New World Into Old.

It has never been told how vast was the treasure that was emptied from the new world into the old in the glorious days of the Spanish dominion. We can only judge of how great it was by collateral evidence. The booties of Cortes and Pizarro are famous in annals of new world history. In them we have read how the soldiers of the former carried away only a small part of the treasures looted at Mexico, yet were so loaded down with stolen gold that when they fell from the causeway into the lake in the memorable retreat from Mexico they sunk and drowned as weighted with plummet of lead; also we read how Pizarro exacted as a tribute for the liberation of the Inca Atahualpa gold that filled to the depth of several feet a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long and that was valued at 1,300,000 pesos d'or, the equivalent of nearly \$15,500 of our money.

When Drake sailed the south sea in the Golden Hind upon his piratical voyage of circumnavigation in the years 1577-79 and when he captured the Nuestra Señora della Concepcion—sur-named the Cacafue or Spitfire—of Cape San Francisco, it took three days to transfer the treasure from the captured ship to his own. In that single haul there was realized a "purchase," as it was called, of over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests of pieces of eight containing over \$1,000,000 in money and an enormous amount of jewels and plate.

Upon the evidence of John Drake we read that when the Golden Hind laid her course for England, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, she was so heavily "ballasted" with pure silver that she "rode exceeding deep in the water."—Harper's Magazine.

THE MOONSTROKE.

A Sailor's Experience After a Night Nap on Deck in the Tropics.

"People laugh at moonstrokes," said a sailor. "They call them shellbacks' superstition. I once had a moonstroke, though, and I tell you it was no laughing matter. "In a full moon was night in the tropics I fell asleep on deck. The moon shone directly on me. I lay in a white pool of moonlight. So three hours went by.

"Then, when they woke me, I felt like a man in a dream. My mouth hung open, as it does when I sleep, and I couldn't close it, and my head lay over on the side, and I couldn't straighten it up.

"Nor could I understand what people said to me, nor could I obey orders. Voices I'd hear far away, but they seemed meaningless, unpleasant. I was very drowsy. All I wanted was sleep.

"They worked on me for two days, rubbing me down with cold water and dosing me with castor oil, before they brought me round. And always after that I have been careful never to sleep where the moon's rays could get at me. My moonstroke happened eight years ago, but still at every full moon I am stupid and drowsy, my head droops a little to one side, and my mouth tends to hang open.

"There's many a sailor has been moonstruck, but this accident never befalls landsmen. Landsmen, you see, never sleep out of doors."—New York Herald.

The Ducking Stool in England.

The latest recorded use of the ducking stool in England (the designations cucking and ducking were, of course, synonymous in the days of Queen Elizabeth) was in 1809. It was at Leominster, when a woman named Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Corran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool and ducked in the water near Kenwater bridge by order of the magistrates. In 1817 another woman, called Sarah Leake, was wheeled round the place in the same chair, but not ducked, as, fortunately for her, the water was too low. The instrument of punishment in question has not been used since then.—London Notes and Queries.

India Rubber Tree Fruit.

The fruit of the india rubber tree is somewhat similar to that of the Ricinus communis, the castor oil plant, though somewhat larger. The seeds have a not disagreeable taste and yield a purplish oil. It is a fairly good substitute for linseed oil, though it dries less rapidly. Mixed with copal blue and turpentine, it makes a good varnish. The oil may be also used in the manufacture of soaps and lithographic inks. The seeds are somewhat like tiny chestnuts, although darker in color. The Indian girls are fond of wearing bracelets and necklets made of them.

Loafers as Trouble Makers.

Did you ever consider how much trouble and turmoil in the world is stirred up by loafers? Do it and you will be surprised. Investigate carefully and you will find that nine of the ten fusses and quarrels that you know of in your town or neighborhood were started by loafers who had no business of their own to attend to and so got busy with other people's affairs.—Burlington Republican.

In the Lead.

Hostess (introducing first violin to sporting and nonmusical guest)—This is Professor Jingelheim, who leads the quartet, you know. Sporting Guest (thinking to be highly complimentary)—Leads—ah—by several lengths, eh—and the rest nowhere! What?—Punch.

Nothing is impossible to industry.—Periander of Corinth.

ENJOYING A VACATION.

The Disguise Under Which a Noted Divine Evaded Confidences.

"On one of my recent vacations," said an eminent divine, "I wished to travel unknown. I took off my clerical suit as soon as my home city was well out of sight, and I determined that the next few weeks I would hear no tales of woe, comfort no weeping people and not have to live up to the reputation a minister of the gospel has to maintain. I would be normal for a time anyhow.

"But what was my dismay to find that one of the cottages near the hotel I had chosen was owned by a fellow townsman. He greeted me effusively as 'Doctor' before I had a chance to shut him up. But luckily it was on the beach, and I thought no one was in hearing distance. I explained, and he promised absolute silence. As it happened, however, one of the men at my hotel had overheard the greeting, though not the rest of the conversation, and he took me for an M. D. He had troubles of his own. He wanted to go to the seashore. His wife preferred the fresh water beaches. So he determined to get hold of a doctor and make him prescribe salt air. I was the victim. He took me aside and told me all his symptoms, and, though I managed to turn the conversation, after awhile I saw things getting serious. But I evaded him so skillfully that at last he went to the man who knew me.

"Is that man a doctor of medicine?" he demanded.

"No," said my friend. "See here, I'll tell you what he is if you'll promise on your solemn word and honor not to tell."

"All right," said the other man. "I won't. What is it?"

"My friend leaned over confidentially. 'He's a private detective,' he whispered.

"And I was left in peace through out the rest of my vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fox Killed by a Rooster.

When once an animal's temper has become thoroughly aroused it is strange how utterly regardless it becomes of the strength and ability of the object of its anger.

At Compton Pauncefoot, in Somersetshire, a fox was killed in a poultry yard by an infuriated cock. It appears that the fox made a raid on the young chicks and after killing several belonging to certain hens turned its attention to the brood of another. This conduct, however, the puley cock would not permit without a struggle, and, rushing at the fox, it was fortunate enough to pierce it in the eye with its spur with such force that the spur penetrated right into the fox's brain, becoming so securely fixed that the victor could not remove it without the assistance of a farm laborer, who had been an interested spectator of the contest between the ill assorted pair.—London Answers.

His Diplomacy.

"How did you work father so beautifully?"

"With diplomacy, my dear, pure diplomacy. I told him I wanted to marry one of his daughters. He glared at me and asked which one of the six. I said Myrtle."

"You said Myrtle?"

"Uh-huh. All diplomacy, my dear. He flew into an awful rage and said I couldn't have her. He said she was too good for me. I insisted. He grew madder. I still insisted. Then he roared out:

"You can't have Myrtle, you know nothing! Grace is plenty good enough for you!"

"And that's the way I got you, Grace, dear. Wasn't it beautiful diplomacy?"—London Fun.

Innocence.

He—Has she been married long? She—No, but she still thinks that her husband eats cloves because he likes them.—San Francisco Call.

HYOMEI CURES CATARRH

Its Healing Balsams Kill All Catarrhal Germs—Sold under Guarantee by H. C. Pierce.

It is a noteworthy fact that among the many medicines and treatments for catarrh, there is only one which H. C. Pierce sells under his positive guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.—Hyomei, Nature's remedy for the cure of catarrh.

No dangerous drugs are taken into the stomach when Hyomei is used. Breathed through the small pocket inhaler that comes with every Hyomei outfit, its healing balsams penetrate to the most remote cells of the throat, nose, and lungs, killing the germs of catarrh, healing the irritated mucous membrane, and making complete and lasting cures.

The complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of an inhaler that can be carried in the purse or vest pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei, costs only \$1. The inhaler will last a lifetime, while extra bottles of Hyomei can be procured, whenever needed, for only 50 cents.

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If you will use Grimm Sap Spouts you will fill five gallon cans with syrup against four if you use other make spouts, and this I guarantee. ORDER NOW as my supply is limited.

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It is not often that we are in position to advertise used upright pianos. piano decreases very little in value during the first few years, and the improvements in case construction, etc., influence few people to change their upright piano for a later style.

On this account we take but few in exchange for new pianos. The same is true as regards piano-cased organs.

The following instruments however are row on our floor and marked at special prices until sold. Lack of space prevents extending description:

One Emerson Upright Piano, ebonyized case, newly finished, interior work and adjustment first-class.

One Norris & Fletcher Upright Piano in good condition and fine value at special price.

Two Lehr Piano-cased Organs used but a few years and prices scaled accordingly to time used.

Also several second-hand Parlor Organs.

We will allow the full purchase price of any of these instruments in exchange for a new piano of any make and description. This same opportunity is unlikely to occur again soon.

Call or write for further descriptions and prices. Easy terms of payment if desired.

Piano stool, scarf and delivery included.

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One pound makes one Gallon perfect milk substitute equal to a whole milk can. It is the best, wholesome nutriment. It is sold in 5 lb. and 10 lb. tins. Prevents scours and keeps calves healthy. Feeding directions are given in every tin. One pound mixed with 7 1/2 pints of boiling hot water, or 4 tablespoons full mixed with 8 pints of sweet skim milk, makes a gallon of perfect milk substitute, and is a perfect milk substitute for calves. For sale by Ask for Blatchford's.

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